

Next day about noon, while the First Division was being assembled and reorganized, Gen. Grant came where Gen. McClelland and I were, and after hearing an explanation of the misfortunes of the night, he ordered the lost position to be retaken. History tells what ensued. The interview lasted about

twenty minutes. I remember Gen. Grant's appearance and manner well, for the moment was of great interest; in fact, it was the crisis of the battle. He was mounted, and held a telegram just received. He heard the story calmly and without interruption; then he flushed up, and, crushing the dispatch, ordered the assault. The flushing of his face was not from liquor; it was the visible emotion natural to a man in a position of vast responsibility resolving suddenly upon decisive action. The draft upon his will can be appreciated by his enemies even, when they are told that the telegram he gripped so hard was from Gen. Halleck, directing him to retire, *throw up defensive works, and wait*

for reinforcements. Had he, failing the inspiration of his own genius, obeyed that order, Donelson would have been to our arms the empty success that Corinth was a little later. He was perfectly sober throughout the interview, and left us to direct a simultaneous assault by Gen. C. F. Smith. The morning of the surrender, after occupying the rebel works on the left of their line, I breakfasted with Gen. Buckner, at his headquarters, in Dover. An hour or two thereafter Gen. Grant appeared. I was with him some time. He wrote an order directing me to return to Fort Henry with my division. *He was perfectly sober.*

morning, as to Pittsburg Landing. Sunday morning, the first day of the battle, Gen. Grant, hearing from Savannah to the field, fast as steam could carry him, stopped his boat alongside mine to ask some questions. A conversation took place between us across the sterns of the steamers. Had he been in the slightest degree intoxicated, I would have observed it. *He was perfectly sober.* At 10 o'clock, from the field, he sent me an order to march to Pittsburg Landing. Unfortunately, the officer that brought it, by a mistake in its delivery, sent me to join the right of the army, at a point four miles from the Landing. When the mistake was corrected, I had marched, and put the whole rebel army between me

and Pindisland Landing. To save my division, and make the junction at the Landing, it was necessary to march back entirely around the left of the enemy. The movement took the afternoon, so that I did not see Gen. Grant again that day. Next morning, in the gray of the dawn, he came to me and in person ordered my advance to the attack. One order only was his entire order. The following was the interview almost *verbatim*: "Good morning," he said to me. I raised my hat and replied, "Good morning, Sir." "Your guns are at work early." "Yes," I said; "and if you will observe, I have two batteries on one." The affair can't last long." He studied the direction of my line awhile, and then asked

"Are you ready to attack?" "Yes, sir," He turned his horse's head toward the enemy, and with a quiet wave of the hand, said calmly, as if sitting in a parlor: "Then move straight out there." As he started off, I called to him: "Do you wish me to attack in any particular order?" "No. I leave that to your own discretion." Good morning." He was perfectly sober, and as confident as he was sober.

I saw him again about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. We were driving the enemy. Riding to my side, he said: "We are getting along very well. I think you had better make a quarter of a wheel to the right here, and change direction a little." "If I do that," I

plied, "my left flank will be without support." "I'll see to that." He was perfectly sober when he left me.

This is a plain, unvarnished statement of what I saw of Gen. Grant during the battles to which you have alluded. Afterward I was his guest for weeks at City Point, and with him at table and on the road. I do not believe he touched liquor in that time. Still later, he was several times my guest at the Eutaw House in Baltimore. On such occasions I never failed to have wine for dinner, and he invariably refused to drink it. In conclusion, it is my opinion that Gen. Grant's career and successes are impossible to a drunkard.

very respectfully, yours,
LEW WALLACE.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

CUR'S AMBUSCADES.—The sly archer, Love, shoots his arrows from many coigns of vantage, but it is doubtful if he delivers his heart-taking shafts from any ambush with more effect than when he arms them from the braids [and folds and ringlets of a superb head of hair. Ladies who have not been favored by Nature with this crowning charm of womanhood, can readily and certainly increase the value of their hair by

There are many influences that are volatile of their hair and impart to it the silken lustre by using LLOYD'S KA-BAY as a daily dressing; while those whom Providence has blessed with a superabundance of this "Glory" of the sex, can preserve it, undiminished in quantity and undiminished in beauty to the latest period of life. There is a germinating principle in the KA-BAY which literally *compels the hair to grow*. It extirpates scurf, dandruff, and all exfoliations and excrescences of the scalp which interfere with the rapid and healthy development of the fibers. sepl6-codlw&wit

PRESSING PRECEPTS

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PRESSING PRECEPTS

DRESSINGS BRIGHTEN AS THEY TAKE THEIR FLIGHT.—The chief of blessings is good health, without which nothing is worth the having; it is always appreciated at its true value after it is lost, but, too often, not before. Live properly, and correct ailments before they become seated. For diseases of the liver, kidneys, skin, stomach, and all arising from impure or feeble blood, **DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VIOLETT** is a sure and speedy remedy; it has never yet failed in a single instance.

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M. Brown-Séquard experimented upon the stiffened arm of an executed criminal, by inducing

ing warm bid into it; the muscles regained their contractility and the nerves their irritability. As the cutting off the blood is paralysis of nerve element, so a deficiency of the blood is a cause of degeneration of nerve element. Fellow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites will cause the formation of healthy blood, and consequently increase nervous power, induce vital activity in debilitated constitutions, and tone all the organs dependent for health on muscular or nervous strength. seplidd&w1t

THE LATEST SWINDLER.—Certain sanctimonious charlatans, who have been

rious charlatans would vainly persuade the world that diffusive stimulants have no medicinal value, and that detestable slops, composed of griping acids and drastic purgatives, are better tonics than the finest vegetable ingredients combined with the purest and mellowest products of the still. But this sort of thing won't go down. The stomach of our common sense rejects it, as the physical stomach of every man with an unpraved palate rejects, with loathing and abhorrence, the nauseous abominations, "free from alcohol," which humbugs are trying to thrust down the throats of Temperance Invalids under the pretense that the

filth will do them good? It is not likely that
 while PLANTATION BITTERS, the Standard Tonic
 of America, is anywhere accessible, such
 sickening frauds can make much headway, but
 it is well to put the public on their guard
 against them. se9d-codi1w1&t

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